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ABSTRACT

This illustrated booklet contains short statements written by students of adult basic education and other adult literacy programs offered in connection with Randolph Community College in North Carolina. The writings are in the students' words in language that is meaningful and pertinent to their levels of reading. The writings are grouped into the following categories: memories of youth; farming--back then; today's treasures; hobbies; and reasons the writers want an education. A brief instructional guide to the writings is included. (KC)

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Adults who Believe in Education

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Adults Who Believe in Education

Compiled by Dee Weston
Illustrated by Dug Weston

Introduction

Although illiteracy today is a big problem, much help has come from colleges like Randolph Community College which offer Adult Basic Education (ABE) and other adult literacy programs.

The director of these programs, Mrs. Frances S. Moffitt, and the Literacy Assessment/ Retention Specialist Mrs. Karen H. Allen, have both worked long and hard on reaching out and helping those adults who need and want more education. Many thanks to them and to the instructors who are very helpful to their students.

Randolph Community College ABE programs have much to give to people on all levels and of all ages. For whatever the reason a student may have — to get a better job, to earn more money, to develop self confidence, to be able to read the newspaper, the Bible or magazines, or simply to be able to communicate better and care for themselves and their families — literacy is a big challenge. It can be an extremely rewarding experience to those who become involved.

The ABE students who made contributions to this book are varied in age and in experiences. I am very grateful that they were willing to share their thoughts, their ideas and their stories.

I feel very honored to have been asked to compile this book. I do hope it will be an enrichment for each individual who has contributed, and an inspiration to those who read it, most especially the *Adults Who Believe in Education*.

Dee Weston

Instructors whose students contributed are

Jane Fox	Brian Center Nursing and Rehabilitation Care
Pat Hardin	RCC Campus
Ruth Braswell	Asheboro
Audrey Latham	New Market
Valleen Maness	Seagrove
Jane Moore	Crossroad Rest and Retirement Center
Dee Weston	Salt Box - Senior Adults Center

A special thanks to Dug Weston for the illustrations. His unique "characters" tend to add humor as well as promote many interesting thoughts.

When I Was Young

What a wonderful gift we are given to be able to remember our past and share it with others. This is not only a caring part of each individual, but it can also be a learning objective for everyone. It helps us to know and appreciate people, circumstances and conditions that we deal with each day of our lives.

The students who contributed to this section look back with concern, sentiment, and love of their past experiences. Many of these people worked on farms when they were young. Life was not easy and, though school was important, it was very difficult to attend. To get an education was a real struggle in many cases. However, it is happenings in our past which have a great influence on how we build our future.

When I was young we used to roller skate on the streets. There were no rinks then. At Halloweentime the city blocked off Sunset Avenue and we all gathered there in our Halloween costumes and had a lot of fun. At Christmas we hung our long black stockings at the fireplace and Santa Claus filled them with oranges, tangerines, apples and candy.

In the summertime I helped pick blackberries for our mother to can. We would go to the peach orchards and bring back bushels of peaches for her to can also. They were really good eating in the wintertime.

When I was young I remember going to a corn shucking. Back then the farmers gathered their corn and placed it in a long row. People sat on each side of the row and shucked the corn. If you found a red ear of corn you could kiss the boy or girl of your choice. Sometimes the women quilted during this time. And they also prepared a good meal to eat. It was really enjoyable.

Virginia Lamb

Long time ago, when I was about eight years old, during the summer months when school was out I went to stay with my sister and help care for her newborn child. They lived on a farm and planted corn and peanuts. When the corn was gathered, they had a corn shucking. Many people came to help. When I didn't have to look after the baby, I'd go out and swing on the old tire swing. She paid me money that I bought school clothes with. Things sure were a lot cheaper in those days.

Faye Dunning

Long ago we traveled by horse, buggies, surreys with fringe on top. We used a wagon mostly for working. When we went to church we used a surrey. Some people walked everywhere. Most people had road carts, Hoover Carts. They had one seat and two wheels. If the weather was bad we just stayed home. Others would try and have wrecks. Some horses might fall and break a leg.

Rebecca Wood

We never had a washing machine. My mother used a washboard, tin tubs and heated water on a stove. First washed, then rinsed, then in a big old pot everything was boiled out of doors. Then we would take the wash out and put it back in three tubs of water and rinse them about three times. We hung them on clothes line to dry.

We didn't have electric irons. We used flat irons. They had to be heated on a wood stove. We used two irons so we could use one while the other was heating.

I babysat for awhile because it was hard for young people to find a job. I worked at WPA at eighteen, a sewing room job. I enjoyed working there. I think I made about $7.50 a week. Later I worked for N.Y.A. — for young people. We worked for places where we were needed. We worked for the Salvation Army and Police Department and did what they needed to have done. We got paid $3 a week.

Anna Saunders

I used to love playing "House." Our house sat on bricks and was high enough to play under it. I would take cans and string them together to use as telephones. Old lids made good plates and we could snap pretend beans and use certain grass for salad.

Daddy would bring roping home and make me swings in the doorway when it was cold, and take twine and make me balls to play with.

It was a lot of fun to take a Sears catalog and cut out things to make a home, and then cut out people to live in my house. I would talk for them and live their lives. I loved that. Having big ears I heard a lot of gossip and my cutouts lived the life I wanted them to have. Also with comic books, I loved to read them and copy them and make the comics turn out the way I wanted them to.

Marian Knight

An Important "First" in my Life

The first pie I made was a mess. I went and picked blackblerries and made the pie. I forgot to put sugar in it, so I took the pie and buried it. I went and picked more berries and made another pie.

Mary Delk

Farming — Back Then

There have been many changes made in wages and farming in the last 50 years.

I have primed tobacco for 10¢ an hour. When you put the tobacco on the stick, called stringing, you got 5¢ an hour. Now you get the standard wages.

I have bound wheat and oats for 60¢ a day, but now you have a combine to cut your small grain. We have machines now to thrash the grain in the field. So we don't have to haul it to the barn and thrash the grain out. Now all work is done with machinery in place of mule and plow.

Flona Brown

First you set the plants out with a tobacco setter. We plowed it, hoed it. When it got big enough, we wormed them, suckered them. Next we primed it. This means we pulled off the lower leaves. Then we hauled it to the barn and strung it on sticks. We hung it up in the tobacco barn, where we dried it. We had furnaces on each side of the barn and kept the fire going day and night until it got cured. We took it out, packed it down, took it off the sticks and graded it — first, second and, sometimes, third grades. Then we tied it up and it was ready to take to market. We took it to Winston-Salem, but there were other markets too.

Eula Hodge

My daddy rented an old house on the farm. It was close to the church and schoolhouse, one mile. He built a tobacco barn so he could raise tobacco. We picked cotton and worked in tobacco too. We had to work hard to gather that. We had cows and hogs and chickens, turkeys. We lived close to Sykes' Mill Pond. They gin the cotton there in bales.

We had a kitchen off from the house, old timey house, and we had two fireplaces in the house. One was in the living room and one in the bedroom. We had an upstairs. We washed our clothes in tubs and boiled them in the wash pot. We used a flat iron to iron our clothes. On Sunday we would go to church. We had a pump in the backyard and an old well too. Everybody did the same thing around there.

Leola McLeod

We had number one, two and three tubs at our house. Number one tub is a little tub that was used for a baby. Now, we call it the foot tub. Number two tub is a good size tub for four or five year olds. Number three is a big tub, two or three inches bigger than number two. We took a bath in number two tub, tin tubs, and you put rubber boards in, washcloth, and bathe young'ns in there too.

Before I went to school I had to take care of two little brothers. I had to take care of those young'ns, diaper and feed them. Me and my older brother had to go to the woods to haul up wood to make fire to keep the little young'ns warm. There were 10 children in my family.

I lived on a 32-acre farm. I hoed corn, pulled corn, picked fiber off corn to feed horses and cows. I was little, but I could use a two horse plow. I held it between bars, turning ground for sowing wheat. Me and my brother would get up at three o'clock in the morning, many a time in the moonlight, carry fiber out to the corner of the field to feed horses and cows. I started this when I was four years old. When I went to school I had to get up early to work and then get to school. I went to school about one day a month. I walked three miles. I had to milk the cows in the morning and again in the afternoon.

At sixteen I was four feet tall and sixty-four pounds. I went to work at Asheboro Hosiery Mill. They said, "You can't work here, you're no more than ten years old." My daddy brought the Bible in to prove that I was sixteen. Then I got the job. They got me a high stool to sit on.

Now I live by myself and I work only when I want to. If I don't want to, I don't.

Anonymous

I grew up on a farm. We raised chickens, cows and hogs. We didn't have tobacco, but we had cotton. My daddy carried it to the gin and had the seeds taken out of it. They'd fix it up in big bales and sell it to the mill. They'd sell it to the factories, and they'd make clothes out of it. We picked it.

I cooked, washed and ironed with a flat iron and looked after my brother. We had to walk five miles to school. We gathered up the eggs. We'd run the chickens down and catch 'em, and mother would kill 'em.

We had to churn the butter until it was thick enough. We'd take a big spoon and work it around and around and then take a big paddle and go around and around in it. We'd mold the butter in a big bowl with salt. Then we'd take it to spring water and put it in spring water to keep it cool. We dug a trough in the spring and put the milk and butter in crockery things, and then put them in the spring.

We ate everything we raised but coffee, sugar, and rice.

Lucille Lane

When I was coming up I went around and washed for people. Sometimes I would do two washings in one day. Sometimes I would iron.

I used to love to play ball, baseball, with my friends. Sometimes I would go to their house, and sometimes they would come to mine.

We had straw mats to lay on. We used slats on the beds and straw mats on top of that. We would wash the ticks and fill it up with clean straw. In the summer we would take the beds down and wash it all.

We mopped the floor with mops made from corn shucks.

We made soap out of lye and grease. Got it hot. Stir and stir, and let it get cold. Cut it. Lay it on a plank in the sun to dry. Bring it in and put it in a tub. I helped my mama make many a bar of soap.

My mom made a cake on the stove in a skillet.

Josephine Cassady

In my younger days I had to go out and work. I done housework. I done housework, and I slept in. I tend to children and later on I started doing regular housekeeping. In sleeping in, I stayed on one job for ten years. I enjoyed the work.

On in the years, I decided to go up north. After staying up north I had to come home to help take care of my mother. After my mother got able to take care of herself, I went to work in Klopman's Mill. I worked at Klopman's Mill until I retired. Now I'm enjoying Senior Citizens.

Ciara Patterson

One time my daddy and mama went off to work somewhere. I laid down and went to sleep. A big storm came. A washing rain, thunder and lightning. The milk washed away in the stream. About six hens had a bunch of bitties and all the bitties got drowned. I started to the store, and I had a peck bucket full of eggs. I stumbled. I turned them over and broke nearly all of them. They really got me when they got back.

Mary Brady

When I Was a Child

I was raised in the country in the Pleasant Hill community. I went to school at the Pleasant Hill School. At that time we could only go to the eighth grade. We had no bus to carry us to high school. There was only one black high school in the county in Asheboro. That was twenty miles away, and we couldn't go. I walked two miles to school everyday. I love school. Wished I could went to high school.

I worked on the farm. I would go with my mother to help other people farm. I started when I was eight years old. By the time I was thirteen, I had went to the eighth grade in school. Then I started working as a maid in homes for white people.

We always had gardens at home. We raised all types of vegetables and canned food for the winter. I still love to garden and grow flowers, can and freeze vegetables for winter.

Verlia Brady

Today's Treasures

When we stop to consider what we value most in our lives today, it may vary greatly with each individual; and there again is a treasure well worth sharing.

Certainly nothing can exceed the value of love for our families and friends. However, special jobs, public contacts and hobbies can give us much satisfaction and enjoyment.

Great importance comes with most treasured memories concerning our families, our jobs and, of course, special occasions such as Christmas.

These contributions are quite interesting and very inspirational.

Good Memories, My Treasure

Good memories are something we can treasure, no one can take from us. I hope they will stay with me as long as I live.

Memories of my mother as she expressed love in many different ways.

Memories of my children's expressions in childhood.

Memories of a dear aunt just before she passed away.

Memories of my husband, Love in Life and Sickness.

Mary Edith Martin

My Special Friend

I would like to write about a friend who has helped me in so many ways. She has given me a reason for living while assuring me that life is worthwhile.

She is always around when I need her and a very encouraging lady.

My friend has taught me how to deal with stress and to look for the best in everything.

She has taught me to look at life realistically and to realize that I am worth something.

Rebecca Bledsale

My Church

I started playing the organ at my church when I was thirteen. Pumping and playing, I played the organ and the piano. I started trying to get the notes right. I was the first treasurer of the church. The first church for blacks. Friendship AME Church, African Methodist Episcopal Church. It's still there. We don't have but a few members. I still go.

Kazette Price

My Wedding Day

I was working in a mill near Greensboro when we decided to get married. I was eighteen and she was younger. I went to my boss and asked him to give me some money. I told him why I needed the money and what I planned to do. He said for me to come back to see him later, about eleven o'clock a.m. I went back. He gave me $60, which was a lot then. My girl, wife to be, and I went to the train station in Greensboro and bought our tickets. I put the two tickets in my hat band.

We rode to Charlotte, and there we were to change trains for Rock Hill, S.C. We got on the train, after we sat in the station in Charlotte for an hour. When the conductor came down the aisle he looked at my ticket. He said we were on the wrong train. We were going to Belmont, N.C. Well, we got off the train in Belmont. It was late. We changed trains and went to Rock Hill where the magistrate married us. We went back to the station to catch the train back to Greensboro, but it was gone. So, we had to spend the night somewhere. So, I saw a box car on the track behind the station. I thought this could be o.k., but it was real cold that night. A policeman came up and wanted to know what we were doing. I told him our problem. He said another train wouldn't be along until the next day at eight o'clock. He took us to his house which was just over a hill from us. His wife was really nice and gave us supper and a bed that night. The policeman said he would wake us the next morning and take us to catch the train.

We had coffee and some kind of a cake and he took us to the train. The train was late, so he said he would hitch up the horses and take us to Charlotte. Those horses and that wagon took us as fast as they could run, all the way on that hard, dirt road too. I guess it was thirty miles in all to Charlotte. At least it seemed mighty long.

We got to Charlotte, got on the train, and it went only to High Point. We got off there and I knew somebody here at the livery stable. You know, we didn't know anybody in Charlotte or Rock Hill. Now we know that nice policeman and his wife.

Well, this friend closed his stable and took us to Greensboro. That was some kind of doing — back then — one marriage I won't ever forget. Of course my wife has died, and I'm here in this nursing home. I have good children and grandchildren who visit me often.

Joe Farrington - age 97

A Recipe for a Happy Life
Serves the whole world.
100 lbs. Love
100 lbs. Self-esteem
100 lbs. Helpfulness
100 lbs. Greatfulness
100 lbs. Laughter
100 lbs. Respect
Add a full "belly." Mix and serve.

Alta Bell

I was around 10 years old and my mama and daddy had five children. In the time that they had five children, the relatives brought them more children. In that time, in the bringing of children, we had about 28 in our house at one time.

My daddy had to work and feed all the folk's children. All of them had parents living, but my daddy worked and fed them. So my aunt's husband died, and when he died, she had eight children, and she brought them there and left them with my father and mother. So, coming up through the years, he raised 'em all up till they was all about grown. When my mama's sister's children left, one of them said he liked to perished to death, but that wasn't so, 'cause all of 'em stayed and they made food for us all the time. I don't know how they done it, but they did it. By the help of the Lord they did it. So whenever the time was over, he had two sets of my mama's sister's children, and she went to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and she took her children up there with her. All that time my mama and daddy had all them children and I don't know how they made it, but they made it.

I just look back over my life and think how people don't want to do nothing for nobody. I guess I must have come from a giving heart, 'cause that's what they did. They had a giving heart, they cherished and loved everybody, and since I got grown, I raised three of somebody else's children and I enjoy it.

Ada Gibson

My name is Rosa King. I was born and raised in Virginia, Botetourt County. My daddy was the father of twelve children, with two wives. My real mother died when I was three. I went to a county school, two room schoolhouse, and we had to walk three miles to get to school. A lot of times we didn't have clothes to wear like other people. But we went to school, tried to get what little education we had.

Back then my daddy, he worked for $1 a day and tried to provide for his family. When we got big enough that he could take us out of school, he took us out of school and put us to work picking apples. We tried to help make a living for the rest of the family.

We lived in a one room house. We had an attic up in the top, and part of us slept upstairs.

We enjoyed life. My mother and dad both was good to us. We loved them and they loved us. We didn't have the food and clothes to wear like other people did, but a lot of people were kind and good to us. They gave us a lot of clothes and things, and we appreciated it so much. We loved those people and we still think of them today. They were our friends, and we know the Lord blessed them for giving to us when we needed.

We went to Botetourt School in Virginia and we didn't have too much of anything to eat. Lots of times we didn't have nothing for breakfast except some cornbread. When we got biscuit bread, we thought we had cake. It was so good to us. We never knowed hardly what lightbread was. We burned a kerosene lamp and that's all the light we had. And, part time it would burn up on the side, and around every which way, and we couldn't hardly see. What little schooling we had, we had to study by the lamp at night. But, we did the best we could.

The Lord was with us, and He took care of us, and He brought us the star, and we have more today, by the Lord helping us, than we ever had in our lives. The Lord blessed us, and me and my husband are both Christians. We live for Thee. We pray that Thou will help us as long as we live, and He will take care of us from here on out. That will be all I have to say today.

Rosa King

The History of Quilt Making

My first quilt making was done when I was very young.

The first quilts was pieced on paper squares cut from a catalogue or newspaper. By using small strips of cloth, you sewed the strips on the paper squares until you filled the paper squares. Before you put the squares together, you tore the paper off, then you put the quilt in a frame and either quilted or tacked them. Then in later years the tops was pieced by a pattern. They are now pieced by a pattern.

Also my first quilting was taught by my mother long years ago. I don't remember how long it has been, but I guess I was around 12 or 13 years old. Then all quilts was quilted. Then several years later, they were tacked. Now they are done both ways, tacked and quilted.

I've got three quilts here to tack. I've got these to fix for one of my friends. I gave two for Christmas gifts. I do it whenever I want to. I really do like it.

Flona Brown

I used to quilt about everyday in the wintertime. My sister used to come and help me. We'd come back and forth and help each other. Mostly she'd help me. She'd stay two or three days at the time. I'd give my quilts to my children when they got married. I enjoyed doing this.

Mary Brady

I used to quilt, crochet and embroidery. I used to embroidery lap covers for each of my children to put on the back of chairs or over their lap.

I used to go around and cook for people in Asheboro and Randleman. I cooked cobbler pies and worked for people.

Ethel Goldston

My name is Samuel Allen Lowe. I was born in 1882, was 106 on January 1st this year, 1988. There is a lady over here just outside of town, she is pushing me along. She is about 3 months younger than me.

I have been in the ABE class here at Brian Center for about seven years. "To what do you contribute your longevity?" A man down south of town once asked that question, and I will tell you the answer in a kind of funny way. Several years ago some people went down south and they ran upon an old fellow, and he was real old — right smart older than me — about 115 they said, and they asked him what he contributed his long life to. And he said he just kept on breathing. And as long as you keep on breathing, you are alive. I'm still breathing.

I spent my early years in Randolph County about half way between Asheboro and Farmer, Science Hill. That was where I first went to church too. I was a little boy going to Sunday School in that community. Science Hill had a one-room school house. Had only early education, no grades — one teacher — had 30 scholars. My teachers were Charlie Wilson, Mr. Thornburg, Danny Voncannon and Lauren Birkhead.

When I was growing up we had a straw bed with rope cords, then a straw tick bed on top of this. Slept good too.

I got my first pair of boots when I was about 4 years old. I put them on and went outside the front door, walked in deep snow down the path towards the woods so far until I couldn't go. They missed me and followed my tracks to get me back to the house. That was something I remember now like it was yesterday.

I married only once. I had one child, but married a young girl that had four children. She was a good widow woman. I helped her grow them up.

My first car was a T-Model Ford, didn't need a driver's permit. There were two covered bridges in the county. I remember going on 64 west, had to ford the river in a wagon or buggy.

I got on a plane once, but I got off before it took off. I'll tell you why. It was the 4th of July. A man from High Point brought his plane here and my neighbor (Hal Kern) got on to take a ride. They took off, hit the gum tree, knocked the top out, tore up the plane. Hal broke both legs, but lived with a limp for some time. That broke up plane rides. But downtown they had a big parade. Charlie Luck, from Seagrove, (dead now) brought some pretty horses with a wagon to town. A bunch of pretty girls got on that wagon and rode down Salisbury and Fayetteville Streets. That was a pretty sight. Sixteen young girls on that wagon waving at us.

I guess my hobby now is sleeping. I love people, love to roll my chair down the halls here giving out candy and sometimes apples. You know I give them to my teachers every class day.

My son is 64 now. He has two boys and one girl. They are all good to me. I have good roommates here too. Have lost two. They died.

Do you think I've talked enough?

Samuel Allen Lowe

My father and brothers worked at Cumnock Coal Mines, about seven miles outside of Sanford. At that time there were two coal mines outside of Sanford, Cumnock and Farmville Coal Mines. When I got married my husband worked there too. One time there was a big explosion, and fifty-eight people were killed. The mine closed in 1929. We moved to Randolph County, and my four children were born here in this county. My husband got interested in the furniture business. He worked in High Point and then in Sophia where he had two or three people working for him. My children learned about it too. But my husband died about eleven years ago, and I moved to the housing development. Most of my family lives out of town.

Callie Shirley

I was raised in Robbins, N.C. Daddy died when I was thirteen. I had three sisters. None of us were old enough to work. A lady near us got interested in us children, Mrs. Prevost. She had us come over in the evening, and she taught us to embroider. She gave me a basket made of what looked like pine needles. This was to keep my things in. We went two or three times a week and learned how to embroider.

My mother cared for an elderly lady, Mrs. Sheilds, made $1 a day. She would walk over there, about 1 1/2 miles .

We pulled corn, picked cotton, and helped neighbors. One summer I worked at a peach orchard. We rode on a truck back and forth.

I bought a coat. First thing I ever bought. I thought it was real pretty.

In school we had to pay tuition of $5. Mrs. Shields paid that. I had to quit in the ninth grade. I quit at sixteen. I came to Asheboro and worked at Cetwick Silk Mill for twenty years — 30¢ an hour. I got married when I was twenty-one.

Evelyn Lewallen

A Telephone Call

Our youngest son, David King, had been in Vietnam for two years. We knew it was about time for him to come home.

My husband read in the paper the place he was staying had been hit. I saw it on TV, but we wouldn't tell each other. We were both praying and crying, but we wouldn't talk about it. When it was time to go to bed, we were still praying and crying; but we wouldn't tell each other why. We finally went to sleep around 4 a.m. At eight o'clock in the morning the phone rang; and we both said, "Oh! This is it!"

I answered the telephone. Our son called and he said, "Come after me. This is David." I said, "David who?" "David your son, David King."

We were so nervous and so thankful. We knew God had answered our prayers.

Rosa King

My Most Memorable Christmas

When I was ten years old I had two brothers younger than I was. I was really wanting a baby sister to play with. On December 18th of that year, my mother had a baby girl. I always said that was my best Christmas gift ever.

Virginia Lamb

When I was 14 years old I went to work at P& P Chair Company. I sandpapered chairs. We worked more than eight hours, about 10 hours each day. I walked to work up the railroad everyday. I had to work and had very little schooling.

I had only one sister. Our only fun was playing ball in the neighborhood. We had a garden, but not a farm, because we lived in town. I didn't have any toys and got very little for Christmas.

Nathaniel Staten

I was a little girl and wanted to have a merry Christmas. I wanted a stuffed stocking and all the toys and things a little girl wants.

So, came Christmas morning and I got a red scooter, "my heart's desire," and my stuffed stocking was there. Each and every one in the family received a gift. We all had a very merry Christmas dinner. That made us all have a very merry Christmas.

Faye Dunning

To me Christmas was so exciting — especially after I got married. My husband could not wait till Christmas day to give me my presents one year. He bought me a recliner, something I had wanted. At least he did not wait till Christmas to give me my record player. I cooked turkey with all the trimmings. We had his children over and grandchildren. I received some very nice presents.

Yvonda Floyd

Well, I was only a child. Mother baked cakes and my daddy brought fruits, candy and nuts. He and neighbors filled our buggy up, and took to the poorest family what we had. The gifts did bless and cheer the poor family. Naturally, that was a blessing to us. The best Christmas I remember.

Edna Cox

I got four Christmas cards, three big ones and one small one. Maybe the people who sent the cards will bring me a present. That's my Christmas wish.

Grace Vanhoy

Christmas of 1921

I was six years old. My sister and her husband came from Kannapolis to Mt. Pleasant on a jitney bus. That's what they called it then, of course they weren't as big as they are now. And when she got off the bus, she had a box in her arms and her coat laying over it. I was always so tickled to see them come, I ran to meet them. "Lillian, what's in your box?" "Nuthin." So it went. I didn't pay any attention until later that afternoon.

Her and my mother went up to visit the neighbor. So, being an inquisitive six year old, I went into the bedroom where they would be sleeping, and there on the bed lay her coat. So, I picked up the coat. There was the box. I opened the box, and in there was a beautiful doll. I very quickly put the lid back on the box and put the coat back on the box.

And, of course the next morning, Christmas morning, Santa Claus brought me the doll. Oh how beautiful and how tickled I was! I don't remember just when, but I did tell them what I did, and I still have the doll today.

But the next Christmas, in a Christmas play at church, the little ones like me, all were supposed to carry a doll. So, my mama made it a new dress and a new petticoat, and that pleased me very much.

The doll is an antique. It has Germany printed on its body, and I still have the doll. But, of course my daughter will get it.

Margaret Murray

This student's special hobby is writing stories.

It was a nice spring morning and Joe was up and ready for work. He had to feed the animals before he could go to the fields. When he opened the barn door, he saw a little black puppy. It was wet and cold and came right to him. He said, "Where did you come from?" The puppy licked his hand, and he picked it up and dried him with his overcoat. The puppy wagged his tail for Joe, as if to thank him. Joe fed up his animals, and with the scared puppy went back to the house.

The house was warm from the woodstove in the corner. The puppy felt the warmth and fled to the stove to warm his cold body. Joe was pleased to see the puppy happy. Joe offered the puppy some leftover eggs and bacon, the puppy sniffed for a time or two and lifted his head as if to say, "Thank you." The puppy downed the scraps in two seconds flat. Joe noticed how hungry the puppy was, and fixed him another egg, which the puppy ate without thinking twice.

Watching the puppy, the name Jed appeared in Joe's mind. He said, "Your name is Jed."

With Joe's heart warm, and the puppy full, they both left for a day's work in the fields. Jed had his own special place to ride on Joe's tractor. Joe found an old box and some wire and wired the box to the fender of the tractor, where Jed would ride while Joe circled the fields.

Time passed and Jed got too big for the box, but instead of staying at home he followed the tractor every circle it made. Joe would pause the tractor to watch Jed chase some animal across the field. Sometimes luck was on his side, sometimes not. When heading home Jed would arrive first to meet his master at the door with a wagging tail.

One summer morning Joe got ready to go the barn. Once outside in the steamy air he was on his way. "Jed. Jed, come on boy. Jed," he called. At the barn, Joe finished his chores and went back to the house. The day seemed to creep by, waiting to see Jed's happy expression of being home. Joe stepped out onto the porch and called for him one last time for that day. Going to bed Joe noticed how empty the house felt without Jed.

Two weeks passed slowly without Jed.

There was not a day gone by that Joe didn't call for him. There was not a minute gone by that Joe didn't think of him. Joe realized how empty his life was without Jed.

Winter was coming, which was a hard time for Joe. It was two years ago at this time when he first found Jed, right here in the very same barn in which he was standing. Joe's hands were busy feeding the animals. His mind was turning the thoughts. Where did he go? Is he better off? Will I ever see him again?

On the way back to the house at the closed barn door behind him, Joe could hear some whimpering and crying coming from it. With high hopes, he turned and opened the door, wanting Jed to come running; but instead all that was there was his animals, tools and hay. The early morning sunlight caught the tears streaming down Joe's face. He headed back to the house.

On the way to the field, in the corner of the barn, sat Jed's empty box. Since Jed was gone, never to return it seemed, Joe picked up the box and hung it from the rafters.

In the fields, Joe made the rounds of the same field. On the second round, he stopped the tractor to watch a family of rabbits run to safety. The only thing missing from this picture was Jed. If only Joe would have looked closer. He would have seen the clear cut impression of a dog's track. Joe finished his work and back to the house he went. Jed as always was there just waiting for the loving pat on the head from Joe as he walked past him and into the warm house.

While sitting down for a meal, Joe heard barking from outside the door. He rushed to swing open the door, only to find cold winter. Disappointed, Joe closed the door. Once morehe had to fight back the tears. Jed made his usual way to warm at the stove. Watching every move Joe made, going to sit and read until his eyes grew sleepy. Sleep fell upon Joe before his reading was done. His hands fell from his lap to dangle beside him. This was Jed's clue to come and sit at his master's chair. Joe jumped when he felt warm moisture on his hand. Not waking up for more disappointments, for he knew it was only a dream.

The clock chimed for 9 o'clock when Joe aroused up enough to move to the bedroom and get ready for bed. Half asleep, as he turned down the covers, he felt a warm spot at his pillow. Joe fell to sleep before his head hit the warmed up pillow. Jed rested his head right at his master's hand, hoping it would stroke his dark black hair. Going through Jed's mind was the fact that Joe was not paying him any attention. Jed was tired of being ignored. He went on to slide closer, and licked Joe's face. Joe turned to the other side. Jed jumped from the bed and went to the other side and began to lick Joe's face one more time. This was enough to wake Joe. Once awake, Jed barked. Jed leaped onto the bed. Joe could feel the vibrations and see Jed's indents in his covers. His heart grew lighter when he realized that Jed was home once more.

Joe was happy to finally put Jed's soul to rest after burying the remains of Jed once located with the help of Jed's spirit. On the way to the house from his grave, a black puppy circled his legs. As he bent to pick up what Jed had left behind, he looked back at the grave and smiled.

Shirley Cagle

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Setting Goals

Many people set goals in a very early stage of life. Many people set short term goals everyday, such as getting chores done by a certain time, saving money for a special purpose, losing those extra pounds, etc. Anytime a person aims to accomplish something they desire for themselves, they are the ones to control their own lifestyle.

A goal may have different meanings, such as a "dream come true," a New Year's resolution, or a lifetime destination. It can be very simple or very complex, but, whatever it is, you are in control. No one else can achieve your goal but you.

It is really wonderful to see so many people who are willing and eager to climb that ladder in life — to complete ABE and GED and get their diploma.

Bless you, everyone!

When I was young my dream was to finish high school, but instead I got married. A year later I had a son, two years later I had a daughter, fourteen months later I had another daughter. As the years went by, so did my children grow up. They graduated and got married. Now I have a granddaughter.

So now I have my life to start anew, and so why not go back to school and get my education. So here I am.

I choose Randolph Community College for my learning to better myself in books.

I have a good paid job and I like what I do.

I want my diploma, for it is something I dreamed for since first grade.

I had lost out on some jobs by not having my diploma. But as you get older you don't quit jobs as you did when you were younger.

Brenda Moore

I come to Randolph Community College because I would like to get my diploma, and give it to my mother because she had to put up with me for nineteen years and she would like for all her children to have an education.

Well, then I got married in my 12th grade year in August. I would have been a senior but I had to work, so I bought a place for my wife and me and our little baby on the way. I would like to live in a two story brick house and have a lot of land for my children to play on and so I can do whatever on my land.

Paul Foley

There is not much I can say about my family. I was born near the mountains of North Carolina, and a few years later came the depression. We were poor farmers. I am from a family of six children. My daddy was a very hardworking man. When I was six years old I had to work in the cornfields. My daddy didn't have the money to hire help to work on the farm, but he had six children and we had to work for our bread. Many days we didn't get to go to school because we had to do work that our daddy needed help to get done.

We had to repeat each grade and when we reached the age of fourteen we would have to drop out of school. When as we grew up one by one, we got married and had families and there was never any time to go to school. I wanted so much to read well and to read the Bible and to teach Sunday school.

Now my family has all gone and I am alone, so I have decided to try to improve my reading. I sure hope I can be good enough to teach Sunday school someday.

I have a little verse I would like for you to read. This verse has meant a lot to me.

If you have tried, and have not won,
Never stop for crying.
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Agnes Clark

What Has Inspired Me to Go Back to School?

I've been wanting to start back to school for several years, but I did not know how to find out where the classes or lessons were taught. I saw it on the TV last year, and I went to see about it. I have been in school over a year and it is helping me to learn to read my own mail and newspaper. I hope someday I can have my own business.

Sherman Mosteller

I saw nothing helped with my skills. I was handicapped. I knew myself that I felt bad and very unimportant. I came to Randolph Community College so I could become better educated. I want to be somebody to be looked up to. I want to improve myself, to be an important businessman, and to be able to help other people and to operate my own business.

Randal Brown

I have come back to school because I want to learn to read. In my job I sometimes have to go to meetings, and I cannot fill out the questionnaires. I decided I want to learn to read because I have been ashamed of myself long enough.

Lawrence Boles

My desire to learn to read and write inspired me to go back to school. I hope to be able to get a diploma.

I enjoyed fishing and hunting when I wasn't working. My favorite hobby is car racing. I don't recall any of my relatives that influenced my life.

I would like to be able to finish school in one year. It is important to me to get an education.

This ABE class can prepare me for my GED, and that will improve my job skills and my life skills.

Billy Maness

The reason I'm going to ABE class is because I am up for a promotion in the National Guard, and I can not get the promotion until I get my GED. It is very important to me to get my GED. It will give me E-6 in the National Guard, and that means more money for me at the end of each month.

So far I have learned a lot in the ABE class. It has really helped me learn about math, English, social studies, science. I hope I get my GED before Christmas. I recommend that if anyone doesn't have a GED, come to Randolph Community College and get one.

Ray Bell

I believe the problems could be solved if people would go to church and try to bring their children up right. My goal for the future is to set a good example for my grandchildren. I want to spend as much time with them as I can. This is one reason that my going back to school means so much to me.

James O. Jarrell

My favorite hobby is working on cars. I'm now rebuilding a 1976 Ford Mustang. I like to work on it in my spare time. I have had to work on getting the motor to run and later I'll be doing some body work.

Tommie Kendrick

I want to come to school to learn how to read so I can read my manual, in order to work on my lawn mowers.

Robert C. Brewer

I want to learn how to read and how to work math.
Donald R. Brown

Instructional Guide to
Adults Who Believe in Education

Adults Who Believe in Education is a collection of writings from Adult Basic Education students in Randolph County, North Carolina. These writings are in the students' words with language that is meaningful and pertinent to their lives.

The reading levels of stories in this collection are from 2.8 - 4.5, according to the Fry Readability Scale. This range makes it suitable for use as supplementary reading material for literacy students.

Language experience, or students' words written down, can be a valuable technique for teaching reading skills. Although unstructured in approach, reading materials generated through language experience is meaningful and useful to students' lives. Since the primary emphasis is on communication and self expression, words become symbols of sounds and concepts rather than phonetic puzzles to be deciphered. Stories such as these may be outgrowths of life experiences, discussions of news events, conversations about pictures, or anything else that elicits the spoken word.

Collections of language experience stories may be used as valuable supplements to other reading materials. It is hoped that this publication will inspire literacy instructors and tutors to make use of student expression in the reading program.

A Word on Reading Instructional Techniques

There is no single reading instructional method which is best to use with adults. All learn differently and respond best to varied approaches.

Student created materials can be used for skill development in sight word vocabulary, phonetic analysis, structural analysis and comprehension.

Below is an exerpt from Adults Who Believe in Education and illustrates ways to teach reading skills through language experience stories.

When I Was Young

Long time ago, when I was about eight years old, during the summer months when school was out, I went to stay with my sister and help care for her newborn child. They lived on a farm and planted corn and peanuts. When I didn't have to look after the baby, I'd go out and swing on the old tire swing. She paid me money that I bought school clothes with. Things sure were a lot cheaper in those days.

Faye Dunning

Examples of Reading Activities Designed Around Student Stories (Exerpt):

Sight Words		"P" Sound	-ing Sound
I	to	plant	thing
was	with	paid	swing
the	and	peanuts	ring
go	me		

Cloze:
I went to stay with ___ sister and_____ care for___ newborn ___. They lived ___ a farm and _____ corn and peanuts.

Comprehension:
1. What did the author do in the summer months as a child?
2. What crops were planted on the farm?
3. How did she earn money?
4. What did she buy with the money?

Discussion:
1. Do you remember special summers as a child?
2. How did you make spending money when growing up?

Other Activities:
1. Pick out all words with short vowel sounds.
2. Review contractions (didn't, I'd)
3. Discuss the use of suffixes (ed - planted, lived; er - cheaper)

The experiences of others can serve to be a springboard for students' own stories. Following discussion, students may be encouraged to write or dictate their own stories to study. This can be a group or individual activity.

Additional Suggestions for Use of This Book as Classroom Reading Material

- As students advance, they are able to analyze sentence and paragraph structure. They may be encouraged to rewrite sentences or paragraphs which seem unclear.

- Short stories such as these are ideal for recording on cassettes and encouraging students to read along with the tape. The instructor might use cassettes to dictate exercises accompanying stories.

- Make sentence strips and scramble. Have students record paragraphs. Experiment with changes made by changing the sentence order. (This reinforces sequence skills.)